

Honey, You Are My Lucky Star

Chapter 8

I'm stunned all of a sudden. To be honest, I didn't expect him to care about me. But I also know that no one goes out of their way to help a stranger they're meeting for the first time. It doesn't make

sense.

The drama-like rescue is more likely to be a conspiracy. With that in my mind, I'm on guard when I answer him. "The past is the past. I'm sure I'll see them less and less. It's what everyone wants." "Seriously? Do you really think time will solve everything?" He looks at me with a mocking smile, as if he has heard a joke. I'm a little annoyed. "The point is, I'm living a good life now and I don't need them to regret. I don't care."

He takes out a pack of cigarettes from his pocket, ready to light one, but stops. "Do you mind?" "Yes," I answer seriously after pausing for a while. We were almost arguing, and now he changes the subject in one sentence. I wonder whether he did it on purpose. He puts back the cigarettes and looks at me with a slight smile. "Here's my card. Call me if you change your mind." He hands me a business card. I look at it and finally take it.

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"Thank you. If you'll excuse me, I'm gonna go," I say. Harrison doesn't stop me. He just drives off. I stop and look down at the business card in my hand, thinking about getting rid of it. Suddenly, the phone in my purse rings and I throw the business card into my purse. I limp into the neighborhood. I've hardly got downstairs when I see my mother coming to me in a hurry. I tell her I accidentally broke my ankle. It's already 1 a.m. in the morning when I lie on my bed. I cannot help thinking of Harrison. I can't see through this mysterious man who helped me for no reason. He seems to have a lot of secrets. Because of the injury, I take a few days off. I'm going to sleep in, but the next morning I'm woken up by a phone call. It's from Sienna Anderson, who I grew up with. She's been there for me through the hardest times since my divorce. Sienna asks anxiously, "Chelsea, can you come over now?" "What happened?" My heart sinks. Sienna's childlike and careless. She does everything according to her heart. So my first reaction is that she got bullied. "Don't ask so many questions. You won't be disappointed if you come," she says in a mysterious tone with a bit of anxiety.

I try to figure out what has happened, but she just refuses to tell me anything. In the end, I

compromise.

I limp out for a taxi while making a phone call. "Give me your address!" The driver drives very fast and I arrive at the destination in more than ten minutes. Sienna's standing at the door in a dress. She's well-groomed and well-dressed. Everything looks normal, so I'm finally relieved. I look at this five-star hotel and wonder if she is just trying to buy me dinner. "Hurry up! You're already late!" Sienna waves at me anxiously.